

A Day in the Life

by Zoey Overbeck

Category: Half-Life

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2012-02-09 17:38:57

Updated: 2012-02-09 17:38:57

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:54:02

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 966

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: It's all fun and games until you get blown up by a certain mute crowbar wielding maniac. Rated T for mild swearing.

A Day in the Life

Why isn't there a section for the Combine? I mean a general section that reads "Combine", not a character sectionâ€| blah, blah, blah.

* * *

><p>A day in the life

Despite what the downtrodden citizens and the filth-covered resistance members declared, it was pretty nice to be a member of the Civil Protection. There was more food available for you and the family, you got a shiny new weapon, you could beat people up all day with hardly any risks, and hey, your house wasn't _that _infested with disease-carrying rodents. Dave's favorite part of the job was beating people- it was always a relatively fun way to rid himself of the daily stresses accompanied with maintaining some form of law and order on behalf of a mysterious alien organization that wanted to rule the universe, or something along those lines.

He heard whispers through the white mask that hid his emotions, whispers about the overthrow of the Combine. He heard about the more terrible things the aliens had wrought upon the Earth ever since appearing through portals. A few brave citizens complained to him about the squalid conditions, but he merely shrugged and started beating them for shits and giggles. After all, he _was _falling behind on his beating quota, and the ever chattering Barnard... Barry... whatever his name was- had sometimes interfered with his civil duties.

Actually, since the Combine had taken over, things were pretty good- for him, anyway. On Sunday, he beat twenty people because one threw a can at his head. Last week, he used his trusty stun baton to chase away a mysterious cube-carrying lunatic who had murdered a few of his

coffee-break buddies with said object on the outskirts of the city. The other day, he burned a rebel base to the ground, and yesterday, he had shelled an area just for the heck of seeing panicked people screaming with Headcrabs drilling into their skulls.

Monday he disintegrated Millay, Wednesday was Windsor, Thursday, Thistleberry, and Saturday, Stockholm. Burn them to the ground, and then burn the ashes. Dave chuckled at his little joke, bringing his mug of brown slop that hardly resembled the liquid stimulant to his face. With a light 'dink', the mug collided with his mask and splashed the piping hot liquid on his torso, his legs, and his crotch area- especially his crotch area. While the imposing uniforms were beneficial in some ways, it was not a very good insulator against thermal abnormalities.

"Fuck!" he shouted, jerking upward and knocking over the little table that resided beside him. "You!" he yelled to a nearby CP. "Napkins. Right now."

The CP turned and ran from the room, leaving Dave alone. Dave sighed and then shrieked in pure unadulterated terror when a small brown blur shot dangerously close to his feet. Unused to seeing animals in this era, he leapt onto a stack of crates to avoid the small mammal, who had taken an interest in pawing at where he stood and barking loudly.

"Shoo!" he sharply ordered, waving a gloved hand in dismissal.

The puppy barked in reply, its tail wagging furiously as it tried to get the CP officer to play with it.

"Citi- er, animal, you are given your first warning. Failure to comply will result in-"

"Woof!"

"-_Will _result in complete and-"

"Bark!"

"_And_ utter dest-"

"Bark!"

"Will you comply?"

Silence.

"Will you-"

"Woof!"

"Stop that. Right now!"

"Bark!"

"You are given your final warning! Cease your behavior immediately or prepare for judgment" Dave threateningly pulled out his stun baton for added emphasis.

The puppy tilted its head, as if considering the offer before bolting away. Dave sighed in relaxation, impatiently waiting for his comrade as the liquid was quickly absorbed into his suit, making the man quite uncomfortable.

He heard two gunshots in the distant hall and an agonized scream before silence reigned once more. '_Stupid Bill' _Dave thought, shaking his head, '_Probably shot his foot again.'_

But then, the Overwatch Voice kicked in and started to rat out the location of where Bill had been as well as order the surrounding units to converge on the downed CP's location. A shiver traveled up and down Dave's spine. Cautiously, he peered around the corner, sighing when only a seemingly empty garage greeted him.

He swore he saw an orange and black blur around the corner on his second scan, however, before a small, oval-like object flew towards him, emitting soft beeping noises. Dave bent forward to closely look at the device before realization dawned upon him and he started to scramble away.

"Shit!"

The grenade detonated, sending the CP flying backwards accompanied by a hail of floor fragments. Dave was dead well before he hit the ground.

Several meters away, the haggard face of Gordan Freeman peered around the corner clutching yet another grenade. He quickly looked around before running to the corpse and stealing the scattered ammo. A quick tea-bag later, and the infamous crowbar-carrying man was off once more, spreading havoc on the Combine-infested world.

* * *

><p>Places here were made up, since the HL universe pretty much looks like a mash-up of various places in Europe.<p>

CPs do yell "shit" sometimes if you throw a grenade at them.

There's a little glitch I discovered. In the train station at the beginning of the game, there's a metrocop that's standing in front of a gated area to the left of the line where citizens get their food. If you anger him and he chases you, he can send you flying just by hitting you with his stun baton if you bump into a bench. You would remain suspended in the air until you use your WASD keys or jump.

End
file.